

Love Will Never Die

BY JOHN HUNTER

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG OF HEART.

CHAPTER III.

LOW hum of conversation rose to the carved oak ceiling, from which cunningly concealed lamps shed a soft light over the long room, on the few choice pictures on the paneled walls, and on the throng of people who comprised the clientele of the fashionable Eros Club.

Constance Brent, standing for a moment outside in the corridor, surveyed them. They fitted in with their surroundings: well-dressed men, wonderful women; and on them all was written the hall-mark of taste and caste.

She walked into the room, and each of them greeted her after his or her kind.

"Harkness is in town. I saw him this morning in Piccadilly." The speaker addressed the company generally, but only Constance answered. "He is?" Her tone was indifferent, yet she was interested in the news more than she cared to admit. She had thought the Eros rid of Harkness.

Four of the men made their way to a discreet baize-covered door which led to an inner room. Had the police known of the play which went on in that room Eros might have found itself in contact with the law.

Constance did not play.

And then Harkness arrived. "Hello!" she said. "I thought you had left us." She might almost have been expressing a wish.

Harkness caught the meaning underlying her speech and smiled. "Not yet. The day of your deliverance is very far away."

He was known as the wildest gambler in England and was a constant threat to the safety of the Eros. Constance bit her lip. Harkness disconcerted her. Always he had been reckless, devilishly so, but now there was the raffishness about him which appalled her.

He nodded towards the baize-covered door.

"Anybody playing in there?"

"Yes," slowly, "but—"

"But what?" There was the tiniest note of defiance in the question.

Constance looked Harkness straight in the eyes. "I would prefer it if you did not join in—that is all," she said calmly.

"And why?" Harkness's grey eyes narrowed.

"It is not safe. Already there have been rumors and things said. Those four in there now are only boys. After all, you are not unaware of the reputation you hold."

"You are not, of course, insinuating that I do not play straight?" There was a quiet menace in Harkness's voice which chilled Constance despite her experience of the world.

"You would not be a member of the Eros if you played crooked," she said steadily. "After all, I earn my living by this club. I don't want it shut up."

"Why do you say all this to me? Do you realize that you are perilously near accusing me of being a card-sharp?"

"I am doing nothing of the kind. But I remember young Kilfane. You won money from him which did not belong to him. Thank heaven, it wasn't here that you did it!"

Harkness interrupted her. "Was I to know that Kilfane was a potential thief? At any rate, Kilfane escaped the consequences of what he thoroughly deserved."

"Only because somebody saw him through. Who was it? Do you know?"

"I neither know nor care," answered Harkness shortly. "Excuse me, won't you. I'm going through to the room."

The four men at the table looked up from their game—it was poker—as Harkness closed the door behind him, and nodded.

"Hello, Tommy!" Harkness addressed a youngster with almost colorless hair. "Aren't you doing well?"

"Dropped a couple of hundred. Would you care to sit in my place?" and he gave up his place to Harkness.

A fresh pack of cards was produced. The fair boy left the room. Constance stopped him as he made his way across the brilliantly lighted outer chamber.

"Is Harkness playing?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, I've given him my place."

"Are they playing high?"

"Fairish. But as I came out I heard Harkness suggesting no limit. More fool him. Carteret, Devenish and Pelton are in luck to-night."

Constance considered for a moment. "Must you go now, Tommy?"

The boy nodded. "I must. I'm a rotten gambler. Never have any luck."

For a moment Constance felt an

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

CONSTANCE BRENT, divorced; proprietor of a gambling club in London.

AUDREY BRENT, her daughter, who has been educated on the Continent, ignorant of her mother's life and business and chaperoned by

AUNT ELLA, who favors Audrey's suitor, met at Monte Carlo.

JIM HARKNESS, son of a steel magnate, but a philandering ne'er-do-well, given to gambling and racing.



"I HAVE LOST NEARLY EIGHTEEN HUNDRED, AND—GOD HELP ME!"

Impulse to tell him not to come again, but she restrained it. After all, she had to live, and this boy bore a great name, a name which was a key to the innermost circles of society.

Meanwhile, in the room, with the ante raised to a high figure, play was going forward briskly. Harkness won, hand after hand.

Constance came into the room after a couple of hours' play, and for some time she stood watching the quartette anxiously.

"All right, I'm sorry the luck went all my way. I'll give you fellows your revenge next time we meet. Good night!"

Devenish eyed Pelton, and the latter shook his head. "I've had about enough," he confessed.

Harkness looked round at them. Then he stood up.

"All right, I'm sorry the luck went all my way. I'll give you fellows your revenge next time we meet. Good night!"

Devenish glanced at Pelton again, and Carteret said: "I've lost nearly eighteen hundred. And—God help me!"

"I must see Harkness!" Constance exclaimed. "Wait a moment!"

She hurried from the room, but when she reached the hall Harkness had already left. She turned back with a dreadful feeling of sickness at her heart. It was always the same.

Wherever this man went he left a trail of waste and unhappiness, a blight such as seemed to rest on his own life. What would happen to Carteret?

AUDREY BRENT strayed into the garden, and the scented wind came rolling across the uplands to meet her. She had come home with her aunt, to find that her mother had been detained in town.

Audrey picked her way through the flower-beds, and came to the gate opening out on to the lane.

Beyond the house the valley dipped and rose again to Biggin Hill, and on the other side lay Sevenoaks, with the broad Hastings road cutting through it to Tonbridge. The place was serene, aloof.

Ten minutes later her mother arrived, and Audrey was in her arms. Constance held her at arms' length after the first embrace.

"I believe you have grown taller, Audrey," she said. "Every time I see you, you seem to have grown more beautiful."

Constance gazed round her. This cottage was a sanctuary of peace. They went into the drawing-room, and with constant references to Aunt Ella, Audrey told her mother of her holiday. At the finish she hesitated, and then said: "Mamma, I am going to have a visitor—my first caller."

From far away down the hill the

They were silent, until Harkness said: "Well?"

"Why did you do it?" That was all Constance could say at first. "I don't understand you." His tone was studiously cold, and it stirred Constance to anger.

"I can well believe you are unable to understand." The sneer hardened the lines around Harkness's mouth. Constance stepped closer to him.

"Listen, Harkness! My little girl is white, pure as these flowers," waving her hand towards the whispering blossoms behind her. "She does not know. Do you see what I mean? You cannot realize what it is to be a girl on the threshold of life; you cannot grasp the innocence of it, the miracle of it."

"Oh, I know I'm pretty low down, but spare me a little. Do you mind going on?"

"All my life I've stood between my daughter and—Constance almost said 'such men as you,' but she found other words in time—and the world."

"She told me a little of the man she had met at Lucerne, and I was sufficient to know that he had captivated her imagination. And then she showed me you. My God!"

Harkness seemed about to speak, and then his mouth closed tight. "It must stop! You understand. Harkness? This must not go on. When you leave here to-day you leave forever. It will hurt Audrey a little, but the pain will be nothing to what she must endure if this thing continues."

She stopped abruptly, and Harkness stared at her with inscrutable eyes.

He was as good as this woman who was Audrey's mother. Besides, he would not be driven.

"Does Audrey know about the Eros?"

Constance gave back his stare. "Of course she does not. I tell you she is innocent, pure. Harkness, Harkness, can't you realize it?"

Harkness ignored the passion of the appeal. "You say I am not good enough for her?"

"Are you? Can you say that you are?"

"I am good enough for the daughter of a woman who runs a gambling-house."

It was the cruellest thing Jim Harkness had ever said to a woman, and ever afterward he regretted it.

"But"—Constance seized his coat sleeve with trembling fingers—"you have not answered. You have not promised."

"A man who makes no promises never breaks his word," answered Harkness coldly.

He turned toward the house, and Constance followed him.

They found Audrey busy with the tea under the great oak.

Tea finished, Harkness turned to Audrey and said: "By the way, the Academy this year is very interesting. We might go to-morrow morning if it would suit you."

"I should love it," said Audrey. "May I go, mamma?"

Constance looked at Harkness. So this was his answer!

"Of course you may, dear," she answered. "I think I'll come along, too. I love pictures."

Constance felt a sense of futility, as for the first time she realized how strong the man was, and how ruthlessly he could use his strength.

It was the day after Harkness's visit to Constance Brent's home, and Lord Connington was at breakfast in his town house in Mount Street.

At the table with him were his elder sister, Barbara, the widow of Sir John Preslow, and her son, Sir Richard Preslow, a young man of brilliant attainments, of whom it was already said that a great career awaited him in the diplomatic service of his country.

Lord Connington fingered a scrap of dry toast with the peevish air of a man who has no appetite, and looked up from his letters. "Nothing," he said. "I repeat: Barbara, that there is nothing in it. All my life I have striven and travelled and sacrificed myself—for what? A man cannot find happiness in newspaper headlines or eulogistic leading articles. They reach the head and leave the heart cold. And in my age I am finding it impossible to find comfort in myself. I want my daughter."

Lady Barbara regarded him critically. "What does all this mean, Geoffrey?" she asked quietly.

"It means that I should like to feel my daughter's lips on mine—if only for once," said Connington.

Young Preslow looked up, and there was a swift alarm in his eyes. Lady Barbara spoke quickly.

"Your daughter? Have you forgotten whom your daughter is?"

Connington tapped his fingers on the table-top. "You are referring to the woman I married," he said coldly. "I have not forgotten. But time has dimmed her memory, Barbara, and I am an old and weary man, and I realize it is impossible to find comfort in myself. I want my daughter."

Preslow bent over his plate. His uncle's words were stirring to life a fear which had always lain dormant in his heart. Richard Preslow, as things were at the moment, was Connington's heir.

"I think you are speaking the truth when you say you are old," said Lady Barbara slowly. Then, with a sudden irrelevancy, she added: "Have you seen Hilda Montessan's picture at the Academy this year? You will remember her as Dicky Montessan's scapegrace daughter. It is the greatest exhibit of all. Would you care to see it?"

"If you like," he replied. "I am free all day. Shall we go this morning?"

They reached the Academy, and Lady Barbara took them straight to the picture of the year, the painting by the daughter of Sir Roderick Montessan.

(To Be Continued)

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.

BROOKLYN

Store Hours, 9 to 5:30

Telephone Main 6100

Store Closed All Day Today—"MEMORIAL DAY"

Tomorrow Our Doors Will Open to an Event that Every Brooklynite Will Understand and Be Eager to Share—

Store-wide Sales

AN occasion when every department in the store brings forward the most decisive economy offering of the month. All desirable, seasonable merchandise, at a lower price than has been quoted during the month. Mail orders will be filled if possible; but many lots will sell quickly, of course, and it will pay well to come in person as early as you can. Store opens at 9 o'clock.

Street Floor

Rubberized Aprons, 23c

The lowest price in years for these indispensable household or laboratory aids. Waterproof, easy to clean. Pretty patterns.

A. & S.—Street floor, Central.

Hemmed Bath Towels, 38c

Formerly 49c Each. Extra good bleached Turkish, with red or blue borders. Size 22x43 inches.

A. & S.—Street floor, East.

White Novelty Voiles, 29c yd.

Formerly 45c yd. Mercerized plaid or checked voiles. One yard wide and extremely desirable for Summer dresses or blouses.

A. & S.—Street floor, West.

Men's Union Suits, 58c

Only 1,200; full-cut, non-clinging suits of good bleached checked nainsook. Sizes 34 to 46. The lowest price this season.

A. & S.—Street floor, East.

Men's Rep Shirts, \$1.85

"Primrose" shirts of printed rep that have the reputation of outwearing any other quality. New and novel colored stripes. Sizes 14 to 17.

A. & S.—Street floor, East.

Men's Straw Hats, \$1.75

Regularly \$2.25. Light straw sailors imported from Italy. Lined with felt and fitted with cushioned sweatbands. Sizes 6½ to 7½. None on approval.

A. & S.—Street floor, Hoyt Street.

Sports Hats and Sailors \$1.69

Banded leisure straw sailors faced with milan or porcupine in two color effects. Silk sports hats combined with straw or felt and straw hats in sports colorings.

A. & S.—Street floor, West.

Imported Flower Wreaths 98c

Formerly \$1.98 and \$2.48. 1,000 wreaths that make fascinating hat adornments.

A. & S.—Street floor, East.

54-in. Cream Serge \$1.19 yd.

All-wool, and an ideal fabric for Summer wraps and separate skirts. Besides a splendid quality and just the correct weight for perfect tailoring.

A. & S.—Street floor, Central.

Men's Palm Beach Suits \$13.75

Smart, new suits tailored of genuine "Palm Beach" cloth by one of the best makers in the country. Made to hold their shape and appear trim and neat at all times. In plain sand, brown, grey, also worsted-like pencil stripes. All sizes.

A. & S.—Street floor, Hoyt Street.

Spectacles & Eyeglasses \$3.25

Regularly \$5.95. Eyeglasses with gold-filled finger-piece mounting and deep curved spherical lenses; spectacles with imitation shell rims and deep curved spherical lenses. Price includes eye examination by expert optometrist.

A. & S.—Street floor, Central.

Printed Lingerie Cloth 69c yd.

Regularly 89c. A dainty lingerie fabric with a soft lustrous finish that can be turned into the loveliest undergarments. Dainty designs in different colors printed on white stripe ground.

A. & S.—Street floor, Central.

Second Floor

Women's Tweed Skirts \$3.95

Formerly \$5.95. Only one hundred and fifty of these very desirable skirts, suitable for street or sports wear. Tailored, straightline models in seasonable shades. Sizes 26 to 32 waistbands.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Second Floor

Large Fox Scarfs, \$19.75

One of the most popular of all fur neckpieces this season. A soft, silky quality in exquisite brown tones.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Women's Tweed Suits \$10.75

Formerly \$19.75 and more. Also smartly tailored trelline suits. Typical sports models with silk lined belted box coats, notch collars and link button fastenings. Sizes 34 to 44, but not all sizes in all styles.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Women's Wraps and Capes, \$19.75

Poirot Twill, wool velour, shawshen, herringbones and fancy mixtures, and these developed in models suitable for street, sports or semi-dress wear. All are silk lined and exceedingly desirable, wearable styles.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Women's White Oxfords \$1.98

White canvas oxfords with rubber soles and low rubber heels. Sizes 3 to 8 D widths.

A. & S.—Second floor, West.

Misses' Sports Coats \$10.95

Two smart new models—of sports flannel in high shades and street colors. Fashioned with notch collars, tailored sleeves and shoulders, novelty pockets and belts. Sizes 14 to 18.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Fibre Tuxedo Sweaters \$4.95

Tuxedo styles of fibre silk, a zig-zag weave, with belt and pockets. In sweater shades of Harding blue, Copenhagen, orchid, gray, navy and black. Sizes 36 to 46.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Girls' Tweed Skirts, \$2.95

Formerly \$4.95. Straight line skirts of tweed, suitable for town or sports wear. Fashioned with belts and pockets, in rose, blue and brown. Sizes 6 to 16, but not every size in every color.

A. & S.—Second floor, Central.

Crepe Night Gowns, \$1.39

Slip over night gowns, with round or V necks colored floral designs on white grounds, butterflies on colored grounds, and some stripes. Of the crepe that doesn't require pressing in laundering! Extra Size, \$1.79.

A. & S.—Second floor, East.

Women's Cotton Dresses \$5.75

Cool summery dresses in a variety of pretty new styles. Light and dark colored voiles, dotted or plain voiles and dotted Swisses. They have collars and cuffs of organdie or lace trimmed. Sizes 36 to 44.

A. & S.—Second floor, East.

Lovely Silk Blouses \$3.48

Reduced from \$4.98. Of crepe de chine, georgette crepe, novelty printed silks, and radium silk, in light and dark colors. Trimmed and tailored in regulation, tie back and overblouse styles. Sizes 34 to 46.

A. & S.—Second floor, East.

Children's Bloomers 45c pr.

Windsor crepe, cut full with elastic top and finished at the knee with a ruffle. In white. Sizes 4 to 14.

A. & S.—Second floor, East.

Practical House Dresses \$1.68

Six different styles, percales and ginghams—not every size in every style, but a complete size range in the selections. In checks, plaids and solid colors.

A. & S.—Second floor, East.

Boys' Wash Knickers, 89c

Khaki drill—the sort that boys like for vacation and playtime wear. Sulphur dyed. Stand plenty of hard wear and not show soil easily. Only 1,200; finished with belt loops and pockets. Sizes 7 to 18 years.

A. & S.—Second floor, West.

Second Floor

Men's Tan Calf Oxfords \$4.95

Regularly \$5.50. Smart tapering toe lasts of calfskin in the new light shade of mahogany. Welted and stitched leather soles; rubber heels. All sizes.

A. & S.—Second floor, Hoyt Street.

Third Floor

Inlaid Linoleum, \$1.69 Sq. yd.

Regularly \$2.45. Heavy, thick quality cut from perfect, full rolls. Tile and wood designs; 2 yards wide.

A. & S.—Third floor, East.

Bed Light Frames, \$1.75

Formerly \$3.48 Each. Oblong or oval wire frames designed to be attached to top of bed; one electric light socket and switch chain attached.

A. & S.—Third floor, Central.

Overnight Bags \$4.95

Regularly \$5.95. A saving of a dollar here if you buy tomorrow. Of genuine leather over a light weight, durable frame. Silk lined; two pockets. Cobra or walrus grain.

A. & S.—Third floor, Central.

Chair Cushions 96c

Covered both sides with cretonnes and filled with cotton. Made in our own workshops. Button tufted; deep boxing.

A. & S.—Third floor, Central.

Wool Velvet Carpet \$1.39 yd.

Regularly \$1.55. An excellent wearing grade in hall and stair patterns to match. Perfect and cut from full rolls.

Tapestry Brussels Carpets, \$1.09 yd., regularly \$1.55. A. & S.—Third floor, Central.